

## NOTE AND COMMENT.

Ellensburg did nobly in entertaining the recent democratic state convention. It was hardly to be expected that the city, which had sustained so recent and dire an affliction as the great fire that destroyed the business portion of the town on the night of the fourth of July last, would be in a position to make a political convention happy so soon. But the enterprising Ellensburgers had a will to make the occasion a pleasant one for their visitors, and they readily found a way. The Hotel Holton strained a point for the accommodation of the visitors, and, though it was not yet really open for the reception of guests, it dispensed hospitality right royally. By the way, that hostelry ranks among the best in the new state, and is a decided credit to the city. The members of the convention and the press representatives received every courtesy at the hands of the citizens. The festivities wound up with a surprise ball Tuesday evening, and a little banquet, at which an opportunity was given the nominees to make felicitating speeches. To be sure, Ellensburg was working for the capital, and the city was metaphorically patted on the back by the members of the convention, but her course was hearty and it excited admiration.

Not the least of the admirable features developed by the great fire in Seattle is the pluck exhibited by the newspapers of that city. Every one of her four daily papers was burned out. The *Post-Intelligencer* never missed an issue, though it was rather weak for a few days. Since the fire it has occupied a small residence, and the engine running its presses has been out of doors. A new web perfecting press has been secured and is about to be set up in the fine brick building being completed by Mr. Hunt. The other morning paper, the *Journal*, led a rather shaky existence for a time, but has recently been rejuvenated by the infusion of new blood and is now on a solid basis. The recent change in the editorial management of the *Evening Press*, by which two experienced newspaper men take control, has made that the best journal in the city for local news. The *Times* was rendered the most destitute by the fire, but it seems to be coming out of the trouble in good shape. When the papers get firmly on their feet again and running smoothly in their new quarters we shall look for still brighter columns.

Nothing that President Harrison has done of late has given so much general satisfaction to sensible men as the removal of "Corporal" Tanner from the head of the pension bureau. Tanner is a peripatetic blatherskite, meagrely endowed with brains and wholly devoid of common sense and delicacy of feeling; a man

whose occupation it was to pose as a martyr and flaunt his patriotism before the public gaze by inviting attention to his mutilated limbs; who sought to use the G. A. R. as a stepping stone, and whose conduct, and that of a few other demagogues in that body, has been a reproach to the great mass of honest, noble, patriotic and unselfish men who compose that organization. The G. A. R. has many men in its ranks who have no more legs than "Corporal" Tanner, but who happily have more brains and a better sense of decency, and President Harrison will have no difficulty in securing a successor to the blatant Tanner who will do the order honor rather than cause it humiliation.

It has always seemed to the thoughtful man that in a region so abounding with coal measures as the Cascade mountains have been known to be, that the discovery of coal oil was only a question of time. Indeed, indications of the presence of petroleum have been noticed in a number of places, and in the Puyallup valley considerable money was expended two years ago in boring an unsuccessful well. News now comes from Teanaway, on the eastern slope of the mountains, in Kittitas county, Washington, that petroleum has been discovered there. It seems that for some time past the existence of a vein of good cannel coal has been known to a man who refused to divulge its location, though he exhibited specimens of the coal; but a patient prospector has at last discovered the vein, and, what is of equal, or greater, importance, an outflow of petroleum. If these discoveries prove sufficiently extensive they will be of inestimable value to the northwest.

Ever since Mayor Wheelwright gave Tacoma such rosy prominence in the eyes of matrimonially inclined maidens of the feminine-surfeited east, there has been much inquiry as to whether such a state of lorn batchelordom actually exists in the west. In one place it certainly does. At Wallula, an important railroad junction in Washington, the hotel proprietor finds it impossible to keep help for his dining room and chamber work. During the last two years twelve girls have married conductors and engineers, and both of the girls he now has are engaged and will soon be married. Tacoma advertises but Wallula does the business it seems. The Wallula hotel is not a matrimonial agency, but any industrious girl who wants a husband may consider this both a nod and a wink if she chooses.

Purer and more delicious than the ambrosial nectar the gods quaffed on the brow of Mt. Olympus will be the refreshing draughts the citizens of Port Townsend will draw from the nobler and loftier Olympus that lifts its snowy crown far into the heavens on the shores